

#14

STAR WARS®

MISSIONS



THE MONSTERS OF DWEEM

DAVE WOLVERTON

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SCHOLASTIC INC.

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THE MONSTERS OF DWEEM

THE MONSTERS
OF DAVEN

**PRELIMINARY
MISSION**

CHAPTER ONE

In the cockpit of the *Millennium Falcon*, Luke Skywalker had just notified Han Solo that the droid they'd bought from a Skrilling salvage ship was an Imperial agent named "The Heart of Steel" — capable of controlling any droid she met. Solo had just relaxed into his chair, grateful to have escaped the Nikto pirates. Then, ever so slightly, he felt the *Falcon* veer. "Hey," Solo said to Luke, Princess Leia, and Chewbacca, "did you feel that?"

"Feel what?" Leia asked.

Solo studied his navigation console. The monitor said they were heading for Dweem, and the course was steady. Once a course was locked in and a ship was in hyperspace, it was virtually impossible to reset it.

Well, not *impossible*, Solo thought. More like *suicidal*. You could easily run into an uncharted asteroid or an ion storm.

"We're off course," Solo said. "We just veered off course."

"You sure?" Luke asked. Chewbacca roared an insult.

"Of course I'm sure," Solo answered. "I've been piloting this beauty a long time."

Solo thumped the monitor. When it didn't change, he hit the hyperdrive cutoff switch, attempting to power down. This didn't work, so he banged on the navicomputer.

"Good idea!" Leia shouted. "Why don't you just shoot the controls with your blaster?"

"Maybe I will!" Solo said, glaring at the princess. To

Luke he said, "You didn't happen to leave that little B-1 droid running, did you?"

"No," Luke replied. "I powered Beewondeefor down."

"You sure about that?" Solo wondered aloud. He leaped from the pilot's seat and ran down the corridor to engineering.

"Where are you going?" Leia called after him.

"Just a hunch."

When he reached the engineering section, the droid Beewondeefor was there with Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio. Beewondeefor was just retracting a computer jack into her copper-colored shell.

"Captain Solo," she said cordially. "What a pleasure to see you!"

"Cut the flirting," Solo growled. "You're trying to hijack my ship! Where are you taking us?"

"You'll find out soon enough," Beewondeefor said slyly.

"I won't let you get away with this!" Solo threatened.

"You don't have any choice," Beewondeefor replied. "And watch how you speak to me. You're in *my* power now!"

"We'll see about that," Solo said. He rushed forward, grabbed the droid, and hit the cutoff switch to her power supply.

"Oh, my, please don't hurt her, sir!" Threepio begged. "I'm sure she doesn't mean any harm."

"Yeah," Solo said sarcastically, "and now that you're under her spell, I suppose you don't think that Hutts stink anymore, either."

Solo knew the *Falcon* was in trouble.

Big trouble.

CHAPTER TWO

On the bridge of the Imperial state ship *Zaker Besar*, Grand Moff For-Ateese moved anxiously before the view screen, watching hyperspace swirl around him.

Suddenly the ship slowed and the screen was filled by a field of stars scattered sparsely across the inky blackness of space. Missing from this splendid view was the ship that For-Ateese was searching for.

According to their latest information, this was where the Nikto pirate vessel had captured the *Millennium Falcon*; they should have been within visible range directly ahead. But all For-Ateese could see was the occasional glint of starlight on small bits of metallic debris.

"The ships are gone, sir."

For-Ateese swiveled toward the crew member who had spoken. "I can see that," the Grand Moff — an IG-88 droid — said irritably. "Can you identify which ship that debris is from?" For-Ateese floated closer to the view screen, as if the extra two meters would make a clear identification possible. "If it's the *Millennium Falcon* I don't want to know about it, and you don't want to tell me."

His voice quavering from fear, the crew member said, "Sensors indicate that it was a larger ship, probably the *M'hendosat*."

"*M'hendosat*?"

"The Nikto vessel that reported capturing the *Millennium Falcon*."

"What else can you tell me about that Nikto vessel?" For-Ateese asked.

The helmsman looked at his monitor and touched a few buttons. "It was last reported debarking Pusat Station three days ago; no registered destination."

"Hmmm," For-Atesee said. He moved across the bridge in thoughtful contemplation.

"Sir," the helmsman volunteered, "I can verify that the *Millennium Falcon* recently flew out of here. Its electromagnetic signature is quite strong."

There was silence on the bridge of the *Zaker Besar*. Nobody wanted to interrupt the Grand Moff's thoughts. For-Atesee floated in place, staring into space through the view screen. "It seems," he said, "that the Nikto pirates found more than they had bargained for."

For-Atesee swiveled around again and approached the helmsman. "I know it's not very likely, but can you tell me if any of that flotsam out there comes from The Heart of Steel?"

The helmsman consulted the ship's computer. Finally, he said, "Nothing within sensor range is from the Heart of Steel. However, the explosion occurred some time ago and most of the debris is drifting beyond our range. I am picking up something of interest, though, with a communications scan."

"What is it?"

"A distress signal, sir."

"Identifiable?"

"Yes, sir. A life pod from the *M'hendosat*."

"Well, this should be interesting," For-Atesee said. "I want that life pod. *Now*."

CHAPTER THREE

The master Imperial interrogator, Burra Stone, hated space travel. Even though everyone in the known universe swore that the grav generators installed on every spaceship created a gravitational field just like real planetary gravity, Burra Stone disagreed. He could tell the difference. Artificial gravities affected his inner ears, making him dizzy. And not just slightly dizzy; no, Burra Stone got violently ill. If he spent any significant period of time in false gravity, he would begin to reel and get a headache so bad he would go blind. Then he would simply fall in a heap to the floor.

Burra Stone, the most feared interrogator in the Empire, had to sleep in suspended animation for all space flights.

He was in a deadly foul mood when the Grand Moff For-Atesee summoned him from his sleep before they made planetfall.

He wished that he were home again. He'd discovered his Force powers quite early, and used to use them to control his parents. "He doesn't need to clean his room," his mother would say, repeating his words. "I should get him a snack, instead." Then his father would respond, "I enjoy having my adult son living with me."

He'd used his Force powers to manipulate his parents as if they were puppets. Burra Stone didn't like working for the Empire, where he *had* to take orders and do actual work.

Of course, he took his anger out on the poor, furry steward who had been sent to awaken him.

"Tell that rusting hunk of evil refuse that I will come as soon as I am refreshed," he said to the steward.

But the steward just stood, waiting; its tail wound about its legs, twitching nervously.

"Go," Burra bellowed.

"The Grand Moff warned me not to return without you, sir."

"Go now," Burra said menacingly, "or I will pull out every hair from your body . . . from the inside. And, believe me, it would give me great pleasure to do so."

The steward trembled fiercely, then turned and hopped from Burra's sight down the corridor.

That stupid IG-88 assassin would probably kill the little creature for not returning to the bridge with the interrogator, but that was better than having all its hair removed from the inside.

Burra Stone had been serious about that; he did not make idle threats.

Kassihm's escape pod did not have any scanners or sensor systems, only simple life support, guidance, and propulsion systems. So when the Imperial warship unexpectedly drifted into view above him, Kassihm's chilly blood began to warm.

Unlike a human, who would have reacted with fear, the Nikto pirate suddenly felt hungry. It was an ancient response for his kind — the eat-or-be-eaten reflex.

He'd have preferred rescue from nearly anyone over the Imperial military. Not that he had anything in particular to fear from them; he had not crossed the Empire in a major way in the recent past. Nor had he done anything helpful

for the Empire — and *that* was the problem. He was neither friend nor foe . . . so he was disposable.

He mused aloud, "Maybe I can find a way to make myself indispensable."

Kassihm rubbed the horns that ringed his eyes, idly testing their sharpness with the tips of his fingers; it was a nervous habit that he wasn't even aware of.

Kassihm hated Han Solo for putting him into this predicament. Now, with his hunger aroused, Kassihm drooled on himself as he imagined eating every single one of Han Solo's internal organs, one at a time. A full, eleven-course Nikto banquet.

He could almost taste the sweetness of it. The liver would be the best. He licked his lips and laughed aloud.

Meanwhile, the Skrilling, Diltrath, was dreaming of putrefied meat when the Imperial guard woke him with a swift kick to the leg.

Diltrath sat up in a flash, eyes wide open, breathing tubes pumping air with gusto. His mind was still half asleep and he mumbled to himself, "Just took me from the most sumptuous meal I have ever had."

"Too bad, Junkman," the guard said. "But it's time to meet the interrogator. Who knows, maybe in another few minutes, there will be a nice pile of rotting flesh on the floor — you!"

The guard laughed at his own lame humor as he pushed Diltrath ahead of him toward the bridge.

CHAPTER FOUR

With his arms bound behind his back, Kassihm was ushered into a conference room along with a stinking Skrilling. An IG-88 droid hovered in the shadows and an Imperial interrogator sat stiffly in a simple chair, rubbing his temples.

The interrogator's uniform bore the insignia of an Imperial redesign team. Kassihm felt his blood suddenly boil, and he licked his sharp teeth with his forked tongue. The terror was delicious.

For what seemed like an eternity, Kassihm and the Skrilling stood side by side, wrists bound, waiting.

Finally the interrogator raised his head to look at the two prisoners. He opened his mouth to speak.

But the assassin droid spoke first. "Give me one good reason why I should not kill you both right now."

With that, a panel slid to the side on the front of the droid and a blaster emerged.

Kassihm took a deep breath, expecting to get blasted.

The Skrilling fell to his knees.

But nothing happened.

The interrogator turned to the droid and said, "Grand Moff, I appreciate your eagerness to help, but you summoned me, mid-flight, to perform this task for you; please allow me to do so. Or allow me to return to my bed."

The droid remained silent and motionless for a moment.

Kassihm felt amazed that a droid had achieved the position of Grand Moff, but he was even more amazed that a mere interrogator would speak to the Grand Moff — droid or otherwise — in such a straightforward tone.

Finally, the droid said, "Proceed."

The interrogator turned to Kassihm and said, "What happened to your ship?"

"Destroyed."

"We can see that. How?"

"The power core was compromised. It made a pretty explosion."

"How?"

Kassihm saw an opportunity here to put himself in the Imperial camp and said, "A Rebel incursion."

The interrogator laughed. "A one-man incursion?"

So, they knew who it was. Well, he couldn't let them believe that he and his crew had been bested so easily. He could lie, of course, but this didn't seem like a good time to misdirect the Empire.

"No," he said. "It was two men, a Wookiee, and a woman. One of the men was Han Solo."

The interrogator laughed again. "Han Solo? Grand Moff," he said, "it was worth getting up in the middle of space just to hear that."

The interrogator turned to the Skrilling and said, "And these are the people you sold the B-1 protocol droid to?"

"Th-th-they m-m-m-match th-the des-descr-descr —"

"Well?"

"Yes."

The Skrilling shivered and shook terribly because of his fright. The squirming creature aroused Kassihm's appetite more, but no Nikto pirate captain would lower himself to eat a Skrilling.

The IG-88 droid came forward and spoke to the Skrilling. "Stop your whimpering if you want to live."

The interrogator held up a hand and said in a kindly manner, "Dilrath, rise to your feet."

Dilrath rose immediately.

"Dilrath, you have nothing to fear from us. Stop whimpering."

Dilrath calmed immediately.

Now, even Kassihm felt an approximation of human fright. His hunger left him, and he wanted to run.

This interrogator had used the Force on the Skrilling. It was a minor demonstration of power, but an effective one.

All his life, Kassihm had heard the stories about battles fought with the powers of the Force. But now he saw someone use its powers, and for the first time in his life, he felt genuine fear.

"Tell me, Dilrath," the interrogator said, "what sorts of things did Han Solo buy from you?"

"Only one item, sir: an insulated power converter."

"What types of things were they looking for, then?"

"They wanted a hardened Kuat shell housing and —"

"Never mind," the Grand Moff said impatiently. "They were looking for parts to build a shield generator. That much is obvious. I don't care. I want The Heart of Steel. Can you give us any more information about that?"

"No, sir."

Speaking to a stormtrooper at the back of the room, the Grand Moff droid said, "Put him back in the brig. I'll look forward to using him for some private entertainment."

While the Skrilling was led from the room, the Grand Moff moved to a position just in front of Kassihm and stared at him with his cold, soulless eyes. Kassihm much preferred the idea of fighting an assassin droid over being

interrogated by someone empowered with the Force. Kassihm tensed every muscle in his body, ready to battle, though he felt sure he would die if he moved. At least it would be a noble death.

Before he could blink, a panel opened on the droid's side and Kassihm felt a blaster poke him in the chest.

"Relax," the droid said. "You won't die just yet. I need information from you."

"And you want me to get it from him, right?" the interrogator asked.

"Thank you, Burra, but no." The droid withdrew his blaster. "I have only two more questions," he said, "and I think Captain Kassihm will answer truthfully."

Kassihm felt his chance of survival increase a tiny bit; it emboldened him. "What are your questions?"

"Did you see a B-1 protocol droid during this so-called Rebel incursion?"

"Our monitors did show such a droid with the Rebels."

"Then she is probably still on the *Millennium Falcon*. The guidance computer of your escape pod had a course set for Dweem. I take it that this is where Han Solo was headed."

"Was that your second question?" Kassihm asked.

"That wasn't a question — it was a statement. Here is my second question. It's the same as the first question I asked you: Can you think of one reason why I shouldn't kill you right now?"

Kassihm answered casually, "I can't think of one reason why you shouldn't kill me — nor one reason why you should."

"Well, that was an interesting response."

"I look at it this way," Kassihm said. "You want your droid back. I wouldn't mind taking Solo back to Jabba for the reward. And I'd be willing to bet that this interrogator would like to get Princess Leia Organa, to pick her brains for information about the Rebellion."

The interrogator interrupted, "Don't lie to us, captain."

Kassihm opened his mouth to deny that he had spoken a falsehood, but the interrogator held up a hand to stop him.

"You don't want Solo for the reward. You hope to eat his liver."

The interrogator smiled. Kassihm returned the smile, and nodded.

The interrogator stood and said to the droid, "It should be a good chase. It is said that the Niktos are superb hunters. Perhaps we should let the captain join us."

Then, as he headed for the door, Burra Stone added, "Wake me when we get to Dweem. I need some exercise. And some real gravity."

A short time later, Captain Kassihm was surprised to find himself on the bridge, staring through a viewport at a very inhospitable planet — at least inhospitable to a red Nikto who was better adapted to life in the desert.

Dweem was covered in ice. A huge swath of storm clouds whirled across its surface.

The helmsman scanned the planet for the twelfth time. "I don't see any evidence that a ship has flown here recently," the helmsman announced. "But I am picking up some odd readings. There's some muted activity from a power source on the planet."

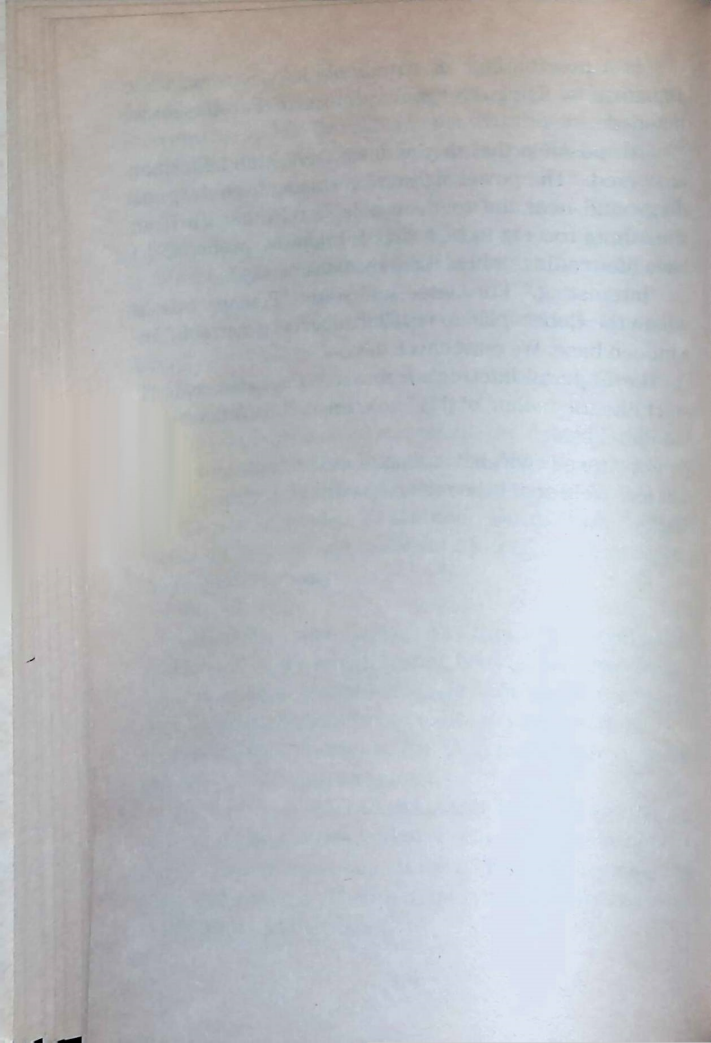
"Is it possible that the *Falcon* hid its electromagnetic signature by flying through those storms?" For-Atesee demanded.

"It's possible that they're down there," the helmsman answered. "The power signature is coming from deep underground near the southern pole, but I think it's from something too big to be a ship. I dropped a probe, and I have life readings where there shouldn't be any."

"Interesting," For-Atesee said softly. "Perhaps this is where the Rebels plan to install their shield generators for a hidden base. We must check this out."

The Imperial interrogator stared at the viewscreen. "I don't like the feeling of this," he warned. "I don't think this is a Rebel base."

For-Atesee swiveled around. "I don't like the look of all that ice. We'll scout the region on walkers. Prepare the AT-STs!"



**MISSION
BRIEFING**

MISSION
SOCIETY

Before you proceed, you must consult the Mission Guide for the rules of the STAR WARS MISSIONS. You must follow these rules at all times.

This is an Imperial mission.

Your job is to search Dweem for signs of Han Solo or any other Rebels. If you find them, bring them back dead or alive.

You start the mission with your MP total from your previous mission. (Or 1000 MP, if this is your first Mission.)

Choose your character now.

You may use Power no more than three times on this Mission.

You can take any three weapons of your choice.

For a vehicle, you will be driving the AT-ST model Imperial walker, which can be used as a small scouting vessel.

May the Emperor someday salute you.

**YOUR MISSION:
THE MONSTERS
OF DWEEM**

YOUR MISSION:
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Your Imperial transport ship skims through the lower atmosphere of Dweem, bucking through the turbulence of an ice storm. The viewscreens show sheets of frozen snow driven at hurricane velocity. The transport flies low to the ground, to avoid Rebel sensors. Your scanners do not pick up any communication signals.

You feel hopeful about this Mission. If there is a Rebel base down there, and if they don't have shield generators installed, then their base is probably still under construction. They won't put up much of a fight. You may have to call in an Imperial air strike, but chances are good that you can drop in with your AT-STs, gun down their technicians and engineers, and be off the planet in a couple of hours. A nice, easy operation.

If it's only Han Solo hiding down here, the mop-up should be even swifter.

You look out the viewscreen as the ship veers through a narrow chain of mountains that rise phenomenally high. The ship's pilot says over a communicator, "We're nearing the drop point now. You'd better mount up. I'll only touch down for a minute."

You go to a loading platform and climb through the top hatch into an AT-ST. Your companions take the second vehicle. Normally, these walkers carry two people, the pilot and the gunner. Because you are piloting your vessel alone, it will be difficult for you to act as your own gunner. Still, you hook up the chin-mounted controls for the twin heavy blaster cannon.

You do a quick system check of the internal gyros, stabilizers, drive engine, and weapon systems. Then the

hold doors swing open. For one moment, you're very much aware that the transport is dropping at a steep angle through the raging blizzard. The whole transport shudders as the ship hits ground, spraying snow in its wake.

Over the communications console, the captain shouts, "We're down! We're down! Begin your drop."

You hit the power and shift forward. The AT-ST runs clumsily, like a long-legged bird, and leaps into the deep snow. When you hit, you discover ice beneath you, rather than ground. As the AT-ST lands, the long cutting claw on its left foot plunges through the ice.

You wrestle the controls, trying to regain some footing, and glance up to your rear viewscreen just as the shuttle blasts off, thundering back up into the blowing snow.

"Wait!" you shout.

You imagine yourself crashing through ice in the AT-ST, sinking beneath the frozen waters, locked within a metal grave.

You fight with the controls.

To avoid crashing through the ice: Your skill# + your vehicle's stealth# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 6 MP to your MP total. Your vessel quickly regains secure footing, and you may proceed.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Add +1 to your confront# for your new confront#. Repeat the confront using the new confront# until you reach firmer ground.

"Watch your step," you warn your companions.

Their pilot shouts, "Retract the cutting blade on your footpads."

You do as they say, then stand for a moment, letting the sensor pod of your Imperial walker sweep across the frozen landscape. All you can see is blowing snow whipping past you on the flat, icy plain.

Suddenly, your infrared sensors show a bright spot to your right. "Up ahead," you call to your comrades.

"We've got it on sensors, too."

You turn your AT-ST, and gradually begin raising it up to full power. The AT-ST can run rather quickly on flat terrain, but the snow and blinding wind hamper it.

The others call over the communicator to you. Their voices are indistinguishable, as your vehicle's computer distorts the sound as it worms its way through the secure channel. "Advance to attack speed," you are told. "You don't want to be caught running that slow if we face any Rebel guns!"

You struggle to keep up with your companions, running clumsily through heavy snowdrifts.

Suddenly, ahead, you see a bright pulse of light. Your vehicle rocks under the impact. Blaster fire! Luckily, the shot deflected off your vehicle's armor.

"Watch out for those autocannons! Emplacements ahead at ten degrees right. Take evasive action!" your companions warn.

You see it on your monitors — a hot spot where an old, heavily shielded autocannon sits in the mouth of a cave.

You may attack the autocannon position, evade the cannon fire without Power, or evade the cannon fire using Power.

To attack the autocannon: You must slow your vehicle and try to fire your own autocannons, which is difficult to do, considering that you don't have a gunner. Your skill# + your weaponry# + your vehicle's stealth# + 1 is your confront#. Roll the 12-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, the autocannon explodes in a glorious pillar of fire. Add the difference + 10 to your MP total. You may now proceed.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract 10 from your MP total. The autocannon continues its attack, hitting your sensor pod. Add +2 to your confront# for your new confront#. Roll the 12-dice.

If your new confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, you have blasted the autocannon to pieces. You may proceed.

If your new confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total and repeat this confront with your new confront# until you have neutralized the autocannon.

To evade the autocannon (without Power): You race forward weaving right and left, hoping that your companions will take out the cannon for you. Your stealth# + your vehicle's stealth# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice to evade the autocannon.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 10 to your MP total. The way you dodge blaster fire is a thing of beauty.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. The autocannon continues its attack, hitting your sensor pod. Add +1 to your confront# for your new confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your new confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, you have blasted the autocannon to pieces. You may proceed.

If your new confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total and repeat this confront with your new confront# until you have neutralized the autocannon.

To evade the autocannon (using Power)*: You dodge right and left. Choose your Evasion Power. Your Power# + your Power's low-resist# + your stealth# is your confront#. Roll the 12-dice to evade the cannon fire.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 9 to your MP total. It takes more than an autocannon to stop you.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. The autocannon continues its attack, hitting your sensor pod. Add +2 to your confront# for your new confront#. Roll the 12-dice.

If your new confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, you have blasted the autocannon to pieces. You may proceed.

If your new confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total and repeat this confront with your new confront# until you have neutralized the autocannon.

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

You run past the smoking ruins of the autocannon. The shielding on it looks ancient, pitted by time, and you are surprised that such a relic still worked. You're even more surprised that it has a power source. This doesn't look like a new Rebel base, but clearly someone has kept the cannon powered up.

You climb a small hill to reach an ancient cave, where icicles hang like giant teeth in a mouth. There are no tracks in the snow near the base of the cave; it looks as if no one has been here for a long time.

However, the huge icicles hanging from the roof block your view — and your path.

"Let's go in quietly," your companions say. "Use the foreclaws on your footpads, and see if you can kick some of those icicles down."

Manipulating the feet of your walker this way is very difficult. It's even harder to do it quietly.

To kick down the icicles: Your stealth# + your skill# + your vehicle's stealth# + 2 is your confront#. Roll the 12-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 8 to your MP total. You've made it

through with minimal noise or damage. Proceed carefully.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract 7 MP from your MP total. You've caused an avalanche of ice and snow. Dodge it quickly!

To dodge the avalanche: Your vehicle's stealth# + your skill# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice to avoid the falling ice and snow.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, you and your vehicle make it through the landslide. The first barrier of icicles is now gone, and you may proceed.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. The ice and snow hit your vehicle — hard. Roll the 6-dice to assess the damage.

If you roll 1 or 3: The ice has dislodged a piece of your vehicle's weaponry. Subtract 1 from your vehicle's weaponry# for the rest of this Mission.

If you roll 2 or 6: The ice has interfered with your accelerator. Subtract 1 from your vehicle's speed# for the rest of this Mission.

If you roll 4 or 5: The ice has ruptured one of your fuel tanks. Subtract 1 from your vehicle's distance# for the rest of this Mission.

You get past the first barrier of icicles. Through the command viewport, you see an image of what is inside the cave. Ancient machinery lies on the floor of the cave, all covered in thick frost, so that you often can't tell what kind of machinery it is. There are command consoles, ancient repulsorlift vehicles, and various droid parts scattered across the floor. All along the walls, you see ice formations.

"Looks like an abandoned outpost," you say.

"Negative," your companions argue. "Look at those droids. Those are battle droids, and they've been torn apart. And look at the floor. This place wasn't abandoned, it was attacked — and destroyed."

Sure enough, you realize that the old droids are armored. Pieces of blasters are strewn among them. There are also deep pockmarks in the ice, almost as if someone has chipped at it with an ice pick.

"What made those marks?" you wonder.

"Do you hear some background noise?" your companions ask.

You listen closely. If your sensor pod was damaged by the autocannon, it will be harder for you to hear.

You may try to decipher the noise with or without Power.

To decipher the noise (using Power)*: Choose your Language Power. If your sensor pod was damaged, your Power's low-resist# + your Power# is your confront#. If your sensor pod was not damaged, your Power# + your Power's low-resist# + your skill# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice to understand the noises.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 10 to your MP total. Flip to the appendix at the back of this book and read "Message 1" to understand the creatures' words.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You hear the creatures whisper, but do not understand them.

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you allowed on this Mission.

To decipher the noise (without Power): If your serpod was damaged, your skill# is your confront#. If your serpod was not damaged, your skill# + 1 is your confront#. Roll 6-dice to understand the noises.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 10 to your MP total. Flip to the appendix at the back of this book and read "Message 1" to understand the creatures' words.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You hear the creatures whisper, but do not understand them.

"It sounds like water dripping back in the cave," your companions say. Their vehicle lumbers forward.

Suddenly there is a swirling motion at the sides of the cave. An incredibly large creature, like an enormous spider with tall, thin legs appears. Its whole body is the color

ice, and each leg is three times the height of your Imperial walker. Indeed, the creature looks so much like a being of ice that you would have thought chunks of ice were sliding from the wall of the cave if not for its six bright-red, malevolent eyes that glitter like rubies.

The beast smashes a huge leg down, seeking to pierce the outer shell of your companions' walker. Your companions discharge their grenade launcher. The explosion knocks the creature upside down. It lands on its back, wiggling eight enormous legs in the air.

In that instant, you see another monster sliding down the wall toward you, and a third charging your companions from just ahead.

"Aaagh!" your companions shout. "What are these things?"

Since you are on the planet Dweem, you shout out the first word that comes to mind: "Dweemons!"

A Dweemon fully five times the diameter of your Imperial walker grabs your vehicle with two huge foreclaws. It has two enormous mandibles, like pincers, which it uses to tear open the cab of your vehicle. You realize with sickening terror that it wants to crack open your walker like a nut, so that it can eat you.

Using the foreclaws on the walker, you kick wildly while shooting at the monster.

To shoot the Dweemon: Your weaponry# + your vehicle's weaponry# + 1 is your confront#. If you were able to translate the monster's words, you were forewarned of this encounter, and therefore can add +3 to your confront#. Roll the 12-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 8 to your MP total. You aim straight down the creature's throat and fire. It tosses you away like a rotten fruit and runs away.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Add +1 to your confront# for your new confront#. Roll the 12-dice.

If your new confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, you blast the Dweemon away from you. It flees. You may proceed.

If your new confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total and repeat this confront with your new confront# until you have gotten rid of the monster.

Both you and your companions fire at the retreating Dweemons. The sound of the blaster fire echoes through the cave.

As the Dweemons flee, you hear them chittering musically, with voices like falling water.

You can use Power to translate the words of the creatures. Or you can simply proceed. If you attempt to understand the Dweemons, it will cost you one Power use.

To understand the Dweemons (using Power)*: Choose your Language Power. Your Power# + your Power's low-resist# + 1 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your *confront#* is equal to or more than your *roll#*, add the difference to your MP total. Flip to the appendix at the back of this book and read "Message 2" to understand the creatures' words.

If your *confront#* is less than your *roll#*, subtract the difference from your MP total. You hear the creatures chittering, but do not understand them.

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

Suddenly, you are aware that the ground beneath you is shuddering.

Your companions shout, "Avalanche!"

You turn your walker just enough to see that the ice and snow on the outside of the cave have jarred loose. Huge boulders are hurtling into the mouth of the cave. You can either blast the boulders or dodge them.

To blast the boulders: Your vehicle's *weaponry#* + your *weaponry#* is your *confront#*. Roll the 6-dice to turn the boulders into dust.

If your *confront#* is equal to or more than your *roll#*, add the difference + 5 to your MP total. Bull's-eye! The boulder is history. You may now proceed.

If your *confront#* is less than your *roll#*, subtract the difference from your MP total. Bad aim! The boulder knocks over your walker as it passes. You must now stand the walker back up (below).

To dodge the boulders. You manipulate your walker's controls desperately. Your skill# + your vehicle's stealth# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 5 to your MP total. Your Imperial walker leaps away as gracefully as an Aruban dancer.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. A boulder rolls down and knocks your Imperial walker over like a bowling pin. You must now stand the walker back up (below).

To stand the walker up: First you must roll for damage. Roll the 6-dice.

If you roll 1, 2, or 3: The vehicle has been damaged.

If you roll 4, 5, or 6: The vehicle has not been damaged.

Now you must stand the walker up. If your vehicle has been damaged, your skill# + 1 is your confront#. If your vehicle has not been damaged, your skill# + 3 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, the walker is upright, and you may proceed.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You must try again. Repeat this confront until the walker is upright.

As the avalanche finishes, the cave goes as black as the heart of a Hutt. The only lights at all are the running lights of your AT-STs. The night screen in the command console brightens the scene.

Your monitors show some stress damage to your walker.

You look around at the walls for more signs of the Dweemons, but all you can see is ice. Within the walls, where the Dweemons had lain hidden, you now see that they had burrowed little pockets to lie down in. Their huge legs, resting in front of them, had acted as camouflage.

You can't remember seeing a carnivore so perfectly adapted to its environment.

"All right," your companions say, "it looks as if our exit is blocked. But there are passages up ahead. Why don't you take the lead? We'll keep you covered."

You know that the cowards are just trying to use you for bait, in case of another ambush.

"I don't think so," you say. "The knee joints on this thing got twisted in that last skirmish. I'm not sure I'll even be able to keep up."

You experimentally lift the legs of the walker up and down, as if trying to work out a cramp.

"Looks okay from here," your companions call.

Right, you think. They know darned well that predators are more likely to go for wounded prey. You'd make perfect bait for the Dweemons. You wonder if maybe you shouldn't just blast their walker and see if you can make it out of here alive. It wouldn't be as safe as taking the lead, but it would be more satisfying.

The vehicle's heater seems to be damaged. You suddenly realize that it's blowing cold air. You turn it off, trying to conserve your energy.

Then you lope ahead, veering between old vehicles and communications consoles, heading down a tunnel. The floors are slippery, so you keep the foreclaws of your footpads extended as you race down a slope.

You pass a low door and look into a room that is too small for your vehicle to enter. Inside, you see the frozen corpses of soldiers dressed in the sleek uniforms of the Old Republic. The soldiers are hunkered into a corner, weapons drawn, with an expression of terror on their faces. Frozen, they look almost mummified. The whites of their eyes are enormous.

You turn your vehicle forward and move ahead. There are ice floes all along the walls of the tunnel, and you wonder when you will run into more Dweemons.

You reach a vast room. It looks as if this was once a hangar for Old Republic star craft. A narrow slit along the roof lets in a crack of light, showing where the hardened shell of the dome would have opened to let ships land.

The dome appears empty but for the bones of hundreds of creatures and a few rusted droids. You don't need any Power to recognize that this room is dangerous. It's the perfect spot for an ambush.

Ahead of you, part of the floor falls away into a chasm. A narrow icy bridge is the only path forward.

You halt at the entrance and wait for your companions. You scan the walls. Huge ice floes whiten the walls and cover the top of the dome. But nothing moves within this

room. Still, the Dweemons had looked so much like beings of ice that you probably couldn't tell if any of them were here.

As an experiment, you fire your blaster at the far wall. Your companions close up behind you in their walker.

"What do you think?" they ask.

"I don't like this."

"What's not to like?" one of them asks cheerily.

You let your walker step out onto the ice bridge. By allowing the foreclaw of your toepad to dig into the ice, you can walk easily. Still, this is a dangerous task.

"Go scout ahead," your companions say. "We've got you covered."

"Let me check this room out a little better," you respond. You fire your blasters again, blowing apart some of the more suspicious ice pillars. Still no sign of movement. Given that, you creep across the ice bridge.

Just as you near the center of the dome, disaster strikes. The ground beneath you heaves and shifts, and you realize that your AT-ST has inadvertently climbed atop the back of some enormous creature.

The footing is treacherous. You spin and slide, and it takes all of your effort to keep the walker upright. The beast is enormous! You're on the back of a giant Dweemon!

Its movements send you sliding toward the chasm. You work the controls in desperation, struggling to climb the Dweemon's back.

To avoid falling into the chasm: Your skill# + 2 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 10 to your MP total. You scramble along on the ice with the grace of a Wookiee climbing a tree.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract 5 MP from your MP total. Add +1 to your confront# for your new confront#. Repeat the confront using the new confront# until you regain higher ground.

You reach the middle of the monster's back just as your companions open fire on it. They launch grenades and shoot heavy blasters.

A shot explodes at your feet, breaking away a huge chunk of monster that is the color of ice.

"Watch your aim," you call to your companions just as the giant Dweemon you're riding charges at them.

Digging the foreclaws of your vehicle into the monster to get a surer foothold, you swivel your guns down and aim into the small pit that your friends have just opened. The Dweemon, suddenly realizing that you are still riding it, swivels and bucks, trying to dislodge you.

To shoot the giant Dweemon, you can shoot without Power or you can shoot using Power to help steady your aim.

To attack the Dweemon (without Power): Your weaponry# + your vehicle's weapon# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 10 to your MP total. You shoot into the depression that the others have made, and the monster screams in agony at the depth of the wound. Smoke and yellow blood ooze out of it.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Add +1 to your confront# for your new confront#. Repeat the confront using the new confront# until you open a hole in this monster.

To attack the Dweemon (using Power)*: Choose your Aim Power or your Balance Power. If you chose Aim, your Power# + your Power's low-resist# + your vehicle's weaponry# is your confront#. If you chose Balance, your Power# + your Power's mid-resist# + your skill# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 8 to your MP total. You shoot into the depression that the others have made, and the monster howls in desperation at the fearsome blow you have delivered. Smoke and yellow gore geyser from the gaping wound. They're going to have to call you "the monster killer" from now on.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Add +1 to your confront# for your new confront#. Repeat the confront using the new confront# until you open a hole in this monster.

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

The wounded Dweemon lunges one way and then another, trying to dislodge you; your shot seems to have had some effect.

The Dweemon races toward the crevasse, and to your dismay it leaps over, with you still on its back!

It grasps the sides of the crevasse, clinging sideways like a spider. You scream in terror as your AT-ST, now with no way to keep a grip, goes tumbling into the icy depths.

The restraints on your vehicle keep you from getting seriously damaged as you bounce along the cliff face, and in moments you find yourself sliding along a tunnel, whirling to a near stop.

Your AT-ST slams into a wall with a jarring thud.

You glance at your damage monitors. The right leg of your vehicle has been completely torn away, and there is a breach in the power core. The vehicle is going to explode!

You reach overhead to the hatch and struggle to open it. It's jammed shut.

You can try to open the hatch with Power or strength. Or you can blast yourself out. Choose now.

To open the hatch (using Power)*: Choose your Object Movement Power. Your Power# + your strength# + your Power's low-resist# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 5 to your MP total. You nearly blow the lid from its hinges. Now escape!

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract 10 MP from your MP total. Looks like you'll have to use your

strength or your weapon to get out of this one (below).

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

To open the hatch (using strength): Your strength# + 2 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 4 to your MP total. You manage to open the hatch just in time.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Repeat this confront until you open the hatch.

To blast open the hatch: Choose your weapon. Your weaponry# + your weapon's close-range# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 5 to your MP total. The hatch pops open, and you escape.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Quick — try again! Repeat this confront with the same confront# until you have escaped the pod.

You roll out of your disabled walker. On the ledge above you, you hear the scrabbling sounds of heavy creatures rushing down the ice wall. They call out with musical

voices. You glance up and see the enormous Dweemon racing toward you, with the smaller ones close behind.

By the light of your burning vehicle, you see a small crack in the ice, large enough to wedge your body into.

You decide to run for it.

You may attempt to escape the Dweemons with or without Power.

To escape the Dweemons (using Power)*: Choose your Evasion Power or your Camouflage Power. Your Power# + your Power's low-resist# + your stealth# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 5 to your MP total. You slip into the crack more quietly than a shadow.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You will have to escape the hideous monsters using stealth alone (below).

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

To evade the Dweemons (without Power): Your stealth# + 3 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 2 to your MP total. You slip into the crack with the practiced ease of a slime beast.

If your confront# is lower than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. The crack is narrow, and

you need to suck in your gut if you're going to make it. Repeat this confront until you get safely wedged in.

The monsters race down and circle your fallen AT-ST as if it were a dangerous beast. The enormous mother of the monsters holds back, but the three smaller Dweemons surge close to the AT-ST. One of them grabs a piece of the broken vehicle, then sits for a moment gnawing at the cold metal with its mandibles.

You hear them chittering musically.

You can use Power to listen in on the Dweemons' conversation, or you can simply proceed. If you attempt to understand the Dweemons, it will cost you one Power use.

To understand the Dweemons (using Power)*: Choose your Language Power. Your Power# + your Power's low-resist# + 1 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference to your MP total. Flip to the appendix at the back of this book and read "Message 3" to understand the creatures' words.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You hear the creatures chittering, but do not understand them.

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

The smallest Dweemon tosses away the AT-ST part in disgust, and then with the other two it advances on the

body of the downed vehicle. The fire is still burning from its breached power core.

The three creatures rip open the AT-ST, and chitter musically. If you were able to use Power to listen to their conversation in the last confront, turn to the appendix and read "Message 4."

As the three smaller Dweemons sit prodding the insides of your destroyed vehicle, the power core explodes with bone-jarring fury. A small mushroom cloud rises up in the chasm. Within its fiery glow, you see the three smaller Dweemons tossed into the air like insects. Even the large Dweemon is shoved backward by the impact of the blast wall.

When they land, one Dweemon falls on its back; it lays like a block of ice — dead. Its two companions limp away.

The largest Dweemon raises up on its claws and screams in a voice like a raging waterfall. If you have been able to listen to its conversations, turn to the appendix at the back of the book and read "Message 5."

You inch farther back into the crevasse, and as you do, it widens. This is an ancient corridor.

It is cold here. Desperately cold.

If you are a human character: Your fingers are going numb from the cold, and you begin to tremble violently. Subtract 1 from your weaponry# and your skill# until you are told to do otherwise.

If you are an alien character: The cold affects you differently. Your movements slow and your circulation is poor. Subtract 1 from your strength# and your stealth# until you are told to do otherwise.

If you are a droid character: The cold merely cools your diodes and transistors, so that your circuitry is operating at top efficiency. Add 1 to your weaponry#, skill#, and stealth# until you are told to do otherwise.

You reach into your utility pouch and pull out a miniature lamp. Using the lamp, you pass through a maze of flowing ice, until you reach a dead end. Over the eons, ice has dripped across the corridor, completely blocking it.

You must break through the ice, using either Power, strength, or a weapon.

To break the ice (using Power)*: Choose your Object Movement Power. Your Power# + your Power's mid-resist# + 2 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 2 to your MP total. The ice wall comes down. You may proceed.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Well, wasn't that a waste of energy? You will have to try strength or a weapon (below).

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

To break the ice (using strength): Your strength# + 7 is your confront#. (Remember to subtract any points for loss of strength due to cold.) Roll the 12-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll number, add the difference + 5 to your MP total. Bit by bit, you manage to break through the ice.

If your confront# is lower than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. This ice feels tough as plasteel. You'd better have a go at it with a weapon (below).

To break the ice (using a weapon): Choose your weapon. Your weaponry# + your weapon's short-range# + 1 is your confront#. (Remember to add or subtract weaponry points based on your character's reaction to the cold.) Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll number, add the difference + 3 to your MP total. The ice wall crumbles away in a cloud of steam. That was easy. You may now proceed.

If your confront# is lower than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Repeat this confront until you break through the ice.

With the ice wall down, you see a chamber ahead. Standing directly in front of you is an enormous droid of ancient design. It is wearing a coat of interlocked plates of armor, and on its head is a helm with three horns. It draws an oversized lightsaber that glows purple in its metal hand. It crouches, ready to attack.

"Bah!" it says. "You're no clattering hard-shelled Dweemon!"

"Neither are you," you muse.

"What a bore!" the droid says. "I sit here guarding this hallway for sixty years, waiting for a Dweemon intruder to come through, and all I get is you."

"If you want to kill Dweemons," you offer, "perhaps you should look for them outside this hallway."

"Bah," the droid answers. "And get chopped into little metal bits like everyone else? No, thank you! Besides, I've been ordered to guard this hallway from intruders. And an Iron Knight always follows orders!"

"Is that so?" you ask. "Then I order you to step aside."

"I take no orders from you. *My* master is in the tunnels below. So before I lop your head off, I have one question: Be ye friend or foe to the Republic?"

By the glow of its lightsaber, you see an emblem painted on its torso, the rank of high marshal in the Old Republic, from before the days of Emperor Palpatine. You, however, have no particular love for the Old Republic.

You may either lie to the droid or fight it.

To lie (using Power)*: Choose your Persuasion Power or Deception Power. Your Power# + your Power's low-resist# + your charm# is your confront#. You eloquently announce that you are happy to serve the Republic. Roll the 6-dice to deceive the speaker.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 5 to your MP total. The droid salutes you smartly, saying, "Then you're not an intruder." It steps back to let you pass.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You must combat the droid (below).

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

To lie (without Power): You declare your undying love and devotion to the Republic. Your charm# + 2 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice to deceive the droid.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 7 to your MP total. The droid salutes you with its lightsaber and bids you a good day as you pass.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. The droid doesn't believe you. You must combat it (below).

To combat the droid: Choose your weapon. Add your weaponry# to your weapon's close-range# for your confront#. (Remember to add or subtract weaponry points based on your character's reaction to the cold.) Roll the 6-dice to combat the droid.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 2 to your MP total. A lucky shot blows the helmet right off his head.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. With a flourish the droid

uses its lightsaber to parry your attack, then lunges. You back away. Repeat this confront until you defeat the droid.

You realize that this is not a new Rebel base, but a forgotten base of the Old Republic. Maybe a relic from the Clone Wars. Perhaps even older than that.

There is no need to investigate this outpost further. Now all you need to do is get out alive.

You go down the corridor and find an ancient doorway. It leads you to a broad platform, where dozens of tunnels in the ice go off in different directions. You pick a tunnel at random and begin to walk. You pass through tunnel after tunnel where ice crystals as large as fans have formed on the walls over the ages. The glittering lights in the tunnel are beautiful and mesmerizing, but soon you find yourself back at the platform.

You choose a second tunnel and turn right. Your path carries you over a large ice bridge that spans a chasm, a glittering arch that seems to be made of cut diamonds. You climb for hours along a stony trail.

After a great deal of work, you find yourself walking back over the same ice bridge.

You must gather all your energy to get through.

To escape: You begin marking your path and searching for signs that others have traveled on the path. Your skill# + 7 is your confront#. (Remember to add or subtract skill points based on your character's reaction to the cold.) Roll the 12-dice to escape the maze.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 12 to your MP total. You chance upon a well-used trail and can proceed.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract 5 MP from your MP total. Repeat this confront using the same confront# until you find a way out.

You finally reach a tunnel that has reinforced walls. You can smell warmer, moister air. You trudge along this tunnel and hear the clanking of heavy machinery echoing down the corridor.

You reach a narrow gorge where black water swirls through a chasm at your feet. On the far side of the water is a metal building of some type. With all the warmth and heat, it seems to be the power core that supplied this ancient base.

Note: It is much warmer here. The cold has stopped affecting you. You may now return to your original strength#, stealth#, skill#, and weaponry#.

There is a drawbridge that would let you cross the dark river, but the controls are on the far side of the chasm. All you have to do is push a large green button. You look for some way to push the button and notice a number of good-sized stones. If you throw a stone just right, it will hit the button and extend the drawbridge so that you can cross.

To push the button: Your strength# + your skill# is your confront#. (Remember to readjust your strength and skill now that you're warm.) Roll the 12-dice to hit the button.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 15 to your MP total. You hit the button, the stone splashes down into the water, and the bridge extends out to your feet.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Add +1 to your confront# for your new confront#. Roll the 12-dice.

If your new confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference to your MP total. You hit the button and may proceed over the bridge.

If your new confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total and repeat this confront with your new confront# until you have hit the button.

Your rock throwing has disturbed something in the dark ravine below. A long pink tentacle rises from the water, and you vaguely make out something huge struggling to come after you.

The tentacle taps near your feet, then moves to grasp you around the middle.

You may dodge the tentacle, or you may fight the monster.

To dodge the tentacle: You must try to wriggle away. Your strength# + your stealth# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice to escape the monster.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 5 to your MP total. The creature struggles to hold you, but you're an expert at wriggling away from slimy monsters.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You must combat the monster (below).

To combat the monster: Choose your weapon. Your weaponry# + your weapon's close-range# + 5 is your confront#. Roll the 12-dice to hit the tentacle.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 3 to your MP total. Your shot severs the tentacle in two. The monster roars in pain and frustration and leaps back into the water, while the tentacle writhes on the bridge at your feet like a giant worm. You kick it into the water before proceeding.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. Repeat the confront until you get rid of this nasty beast.

Once you cross the bridge, you enter an aging dome where the air is increasingly warm. Inside the dome, you find an old power core and some control stations. A fire blasts up from the power core, filling the air above it with heat.

The floor of the dome is littered with bones, and sitting there among the bones is a warty old creature with enormous yellow eyes. Its flesh has the gray and lumpy color of something less than human.

You don't like the way this creature is glaring at you, so you reach to draw your weapon. Before you can do so, the creature waves a grubby paw, and your weapon flies across the room and lands at its feet.

You stand weaponless, aware that you are in the presence of a wise man. Suddenly, from dark corners of the room, several Iron Knights come lumbering forward. They draw their weapons.

"Shall we kill the intruder?" the Iron Knights ask.

"No," the wise man answers them. Then it says to you, "Greetings. So, vile creature, where do you think you are going?"

"I'm seeking a way out of here," you say.

"There are two ways out of every building," the wise man says. "Can you guess what they are?"

You study the creature a moment. "A door . . . and death."

The warty creature smiles and half closes its eyes. "So, you are not as dumb as you look."

"It was not a hard question," you say.

"Is that a challenge?" the warty creature asks. "I know some tougher riddles."

"What will you give me if I answer correctly?"

The warty creature scratches its chin. "Hmm . . . you seek a way out of my labyrinth. So if you answer correctly, I will lead you to the way out."

"And if I answer incorrectly?"

"I will lead you to . . . the other exit."

"Death?" you ask.

The creature smiles a deadly smile.

You consider for a moment, then nod your head.

The warty creature thinks a moment, then says:

"One path goes left, and one goes right.

One into darkness, one into light.

If you want to live, here's what to do:

Make sure nothing is following you."

The wise man then wades across his pile of bones and points down the path ahead.

You walk out of the little room that holds the power core and gaze up the stone road. There are two paths ahead — one to the left, and one to the right.

The path to the left is dark. The one to the right has a little lamp above it.

You must choose your path.

If you choose to go right, begin reading at the passage that starts "GO RIGHT." If you choose to go left, begin reading at the passage that starts "GO LEFT" (on p. 57).

GO RIGHT. You march down the trail to the right, past an outcrop of rock. You turn and look back, to make sure that no one is following you. You see the warty creature standing back in its doorway. Beyond that, only your shadow is following you.

You get up to the little light, and find an old door in the tunnel just behind it.

The door swishes open for you, and you find yourself in a winding corridor of carved stone. You walk through

the corridor until you reach the opening to a large room.

In the room are three large battle droids with their backs to you.

The droids wheel around, pulling weapons. One of them shouts, "Intruder!"

You may fight the droids, or flee. You may flee with or without Power.

To fight the droids: Choose your weapon. Your weaponry# + your weapon's short-range# + 5 is your confront#. Roll the 12-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 15 to your MP total. That's one less battle droid to clutter the cave. Continue the confront until all three droids are ready to be recycled into vehicle parts — or until you are forced to flee for your life.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You have been wounded. Subtract 1 from your confront# and repeat the confront, or choose to flee, with or without Power (below). If your confront# reaches 0, you are too wounded to continue and must flee.

To flee (using Power)*: Choose your Evasion Power. Your Power# + your Power's mid-resist# + your stealth# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 9 to your MP total. You slip into the shadows and make your escape.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You must flee without Power (below).

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

To flee (without Power): Your stealth# + 3 is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference + 6 to your MP total. The droids fire into the shadows, barely missing you. You reach the door, and it hisses closed behind you.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. The droids give chase. Repeat this confront until you escape.

As you head back down the trail, you see your shadow bobbing on the ground, and realize that when the wise man warned that “nothing” should be following you down the safe trail, he meant that your shadow should not be following you.

You reach the fork in the trail and take the route to the left.

GO LEFT. You follow a corridor carved through stone and ice, traveling uphill for a long half hour, until you see a dim light — the end of the tunnel.

You enter a vast chamber that is filled with stalactites

and stalagmites of dripping ice. It looks as if you are in an ice forest. You hear a whining noise, like the sound of a droid as it walks. Servo-motors, you think. Or did you just imagine it?

In any case, you don't see anyone around.

You step into the sunlight and fumble at your belt for your communicator. You call for help from the Imperial flagship *Zeker Besar*.

"We thought we'd lost you," one of the crewmen aboard ship answers. "We'll be down to pick you up in . . . three minutes."

You stand blinking in the sunlight, staring down a steep slope to the icefields below. The wind has died, and the snow has stopped falling. It looks very peaceful. Suddenly, just above, you hear the sound of ice crunching under heavy feet.

You whirl in time to see an enormous Dweemon lift itself up off the snowy ground. It whistles musically. To your left and right, smaller Dweemons also rise up from the ground, where their bodies had been perfectly hidden beneath a layer of new-fallen snow.

You may use Power to translate their words. Or you may proceed. (Remember: If you have already used Power three times on this Mission, you can no longer use it.)

To understand the creatures (using Power)*: Choose your Language Power. Your Power# + your Power's low-resist# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add the difference to your MP total. Flip to the appendix at

the back of this book and read "Message 6" to understand the creatures' message.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total. You hear the creatures whisper, but do not understand them.

***Note:** This counts as one of three Power uses you are allowed on this Mission.

You draw a weapon and worry it will do little good against these monsters.

At that very moment, your communicator beeps. "Grab on," someone says. "We're right behind you."

From the cave you hear the whine of servo-motors as an Imperial walker races out from the cave. The Dweemons take a step back.

The walker strides past you, taking a step down the hill. Then it crouches for half a second.

"Climb on top!" your companions shout.

There isn't room inside the walker for you, but these little AT-STs have handholds on top. If you jump on, this walker might be able to outrace the Dweemons.

You run and try to leap onto the Imperial walker.

To leap: Your strength# + your skill# is your confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, add +10 MP to your MP total. You leap onto the Imperial walker with all of the grace of a Jawa flung by an angry Wookiee.

If your *confront#* is less than your *roll#*, subtract the difference from your MP total. You must grab onto its legs and climb. Repeat the *confront* using the same *confront#* until you manage to get on top.

The Dweemons have you surrounded. The walker's gunner shoots his heavy blaster cannon at one of the smaller monsters, catching it in the crook of a joint, right where its shelled leg meets its carapace. The leg falls off, enraging the monster.

You are holding onto the walker for dear life as it staggers up, then lopes off through the snow, running at forty kilometers per hour.

The Dweemons give chase.

You reach the frozen lake, and the Imperial walker tries to pick up speed as it runs over the flat terrain. Yet the Dweemons, with their eight enormous legs, are able to run even faster. Their legs creak with the sound of squeaking doors, and their feet hit the ice with a sound like thunder.

The huge mother Dweemon is as large as your flagship.

You recall how your own walker nearly sank when you first landed on the ice. You grab your weapon and take careful aim — not at the monster, but at the ice in front of its enormous feet.

"Take that!" you shout.

To shoot the ice: Choose your weapon. Your *weaponry#* + your weapon's mid-range# - 1 is your *confront#*. Roll the 6-dice.

If your *confront#* is equal to or more than your *roll#*, add the difference + 25 MP to your MP total. The ice cracks

beneath the mother Dweemon with a thunderous boom, and ice water splashes on you in a great wave.

If your confront# is less than your roll#, subtract 10 MP from your MP total. The beast lashes out with a claw, staggering the Imperial walker and nearly throwing you off. Add +1 to your confront# for your new confront#. Roll the 6-dice.

If your new confront# is equal to or more than your roll#, the beast crashes into the ice, and you make your escape.

If your new confront# is less than your roll#, subtract the difference from your MP total and repeat this confront with your new confront# until you have gotten rid of the beast.

The icy spray thrown from the huge Dweemon coats you like a blanket of ice.

You feel deathly cold as the walker races ahead. You grip onto the walker with all your might as the light in the sky seems to slowly grow dim. . . .

Much later, you awaken on the Imperial flagship.

You made it from the ancient fortress alive, and served the Empire well. Award yourself 300 MP (450 for Advanced Level players).

**THE
AFTER-
MISSION**



THE
AFTER
MISSION

Back aboard the Imperial state ship, the three adventurers gathered in the conference room. Burra Stone sat down heavily and rubbed his face with both his hands. For-Ateese moved through the shadows at the far end of the room.

Kassihm wanted to sit but feared that doing so would draw unwanted negative attention. He was the one who had led them to Dweem and almost gotten them killed a half dozen times. He couldn't flee, either; that would *really* draw unwanted negative attention. He stood very still by the door.

Within minutes, both Burra Stone and For-Ateese were staring at Kassihm. Kassihm tried not to appear nervous. But he felt the scales around his horns heating up with increased blood flow; certainly they were turning a deep purple in color. His eat-or-be-eaten response was kicking in. He salivated as he stared back at the assassin droid.

"You misguided us," For-Ateese said.

"Not intentionally," Kassihm blurted. "Before Solo escaped from my ship, his computer was still linked to mine for a brief moment. He had plotted a course for Dweem. Perhaps it was a ruse, but I don't think so. He didn't expect anyone on my ship to survive. Why would he try to trick people who would die in a matter of seconds?"

"Good point," Burra Stone said. "But changing course in hyperspace is foolish, and Solo is no fool. He must have had some compelling reason for changing course. What say you, Grand Moff? Where did the *Millennium Falcon* go?"

The assassin droid stopped his pacing after a moment and said, "One of two things happened: Solo changed his mind about going to Dweem, or someone changed it for

him. If the first option occurred, then I haven't a clue where he might have gone. If the latter —"

"But who could hijack the *Millennium Falcon*?" Kassihm interrupted.

"The Heart of Steel."

"The old B-1 droid?" Kassihm asked.

"Yes. Don't sound so surprised. As I said before — she's quite special."

"Where would she have taken them?"

"Coruscant."

Burra held his hand up and said, "Wait a minute. We're going to go chasing off on such a slim assumption? Why Coruscant?"

"The B-1 droid was programmed there," For-Atesee said. "And it has been her home for hundreds of years. It is the only terrain she knows."

Kassihm smiled a broad reptilian smile, full of teeth. "Of course," he said. "She will run to familiar ground."

"I'm not convinced," Burra Stone said.

"Do you have a better idea?" For-Atesee asked.

Burra Stone thought a moment, frowned, and said, "No. I don't." At that, he stood and headed for the exit. "This time don't wake me until we actually arrive on a planet with gravity. Then we will do our job."

NEXT MISSION: VOYAGE TO THE UNDERWORLD

APPENDIX

Message 1:

First creature: "Hah, look at those fools! They don't know we're here."

Second creature: "Shut your mouth. Do you want them to hear?"

First creature: "What are they? I hope they taste good."

Third creature: "Oh, they look so delicious."

First creature: "I get their legs!"

Third creature: "Not if I catch them first!"

Message 2:

First Dweemon: "Those jerks! I think they broke my pincer."

Second Dweemon: "Yeah, they were mean to me, too."

Third Dweemon: "I'm gonna tell Mom!"

Second Dweemon: "Yeah, she'll kill 'em."

First Dweemon: "I get their legs!"

Message 3:

First Dweemon: "Mom, not only are these things mean, but the leg tastes like it is all shell."

Mother Dweemon: "That's what you get for eating aliens, dear. I keep telling you, stick to your own kind."

Second Dweemon: "But we're hungry!"

Mother Dweemon: "You should have eaten your breakfast. Oh, well, maybe if you open that thing's carapace, you'll find some nice meaty tidbits inside."

All three small Dweemons: "I have dibs on the meaty part!"

Message 4:

First Dweemon: "Shucks, Mom. There's nothing in here. The meaty part is all gone."

Mother Dweemon: "It probably ran away. That's what you get for playing with your food. You should have eaten it when you first got the chance."

Second Dweemon: "Can I go hunt for it?"

Mother Dweemon: "All right, but don't you fight over your food. I want you to cut it into pieces and divide it equally. Do you understand?"

Third Dweemon: "I get the legs!"

Message 5:

Mother Dweemon: "Meaty part of the alien, I know you are here!" she calls to you. "I personally am going to tear you to pieces, though you are hardly a crumb worth my notice. There is no escape from my lair, unless you pass through me!"

Message 6:

Mother Dweemon: "I hope you children have all washed your claws before dinner!"

First Dweemon: "I have, but nobody else did."

Second Dweemon: "You quit telling on me, or I'll stick a dirty claw in your eye!"

The monsters of Dweem
do not take any prisoners.
They are the color of ice, and
can appear at any moment
with their jagged teeth bared.
You are an Imperial soldier
who has traveled to Dweem
in search of Han Solo and
his Rebel friends. You will
be lucky to get off the
planet alive. Your mission: to
trap the Rebels before the
monsters of Dweem trap you.

Good luck.

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through the school market.

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